

What's in a Name by User_name_330

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Summary:

Billy should be more annoyed. He should be down right pissed, actually. However, there was something amusing about the whole situation. Comical even; and strangely enough, incredible hot. The fucked up part was it was all due to a very drunk Steve fucking Harrington in the back seat of his Camaro.

Alternative: Billy just wants to party, but a flirtatious drunk Steve is making that very difficult.

1. Tammy Wilson's Party

Author's Note:

This was supposed to just be something quick, short, and funny. But now I feel like it needs more, at least another chapter to see if Steve remember's Billy's deal. What do you think?

Comments make squeal like a school girl, leave me one!

Thanks for reading.

Billy should be more annoyed. He should be down right pissed, actually. However, there was something amusing about the whole situation. Comical even; and strangely enough, incredible hot. The fucked up part was it was all due to a very drunk Steve fucking Harrington in the back seat of his Camaro.

It started like any other Friday night. Billy snuck out a little after 11, making sure his baby was parked down the street so not to draw Neil's attention when he revved her up. The party was already in full swing when he pulled into the ritzy neighborhood. There was at least one good thing about Hawkins, IN he discovered; the high ratio of rich family's with absentminded parents and attention starved kids ready to please.

The party was at Tammy Wilson's house, a slightly huskier girl with permed black hair and too much blush on her face. Billy didn't really now anything about the girl, except she had supple breast and plush hips and ass that were all too inviting. Sure, she was a far cry for the bottle blonde bombshells back home (Cali would always be home), but that wouldn't stop him from fucking her. And oh yeah, he was

going to fuck her. Tammy seemed to be on the same page too, as she personally inviting him to the party. "You're coming tonight, right?" She asked smacking those pink painted lips around her bubble gum. Billy hated gum chewing, but he tried to ignore it. Really couldn't be too picky in this shithole town.

However, when the muscular teen entered the party, strutting straight to the keg, his night dramatically shifted. "Billy! Did you just get here?" Tammy appeared next to him, clearly buzzed. Her tight curls were frizzed. Sweat glistened across her brow and her eye make up was beginning to melting onto the apples of her cheeks. The house was hot, stuffy, and overcrowded with drunk, hormonal teens. But Billy ignored the disheveled look because her shirt was cut low and the denim skirt she wore clung to her round ass.

"Yeah. Sorry I'm late, sweetheart." Billy drawled with that panty dropping smile, bring the plastic cup of beer he had just poured to his lips. Tammy stopped him though, grabbing the cup and chugging down the contents herself. Billy's smile dropped, not bothering to feign amusement. That was just plain rude in his opinion. Damn, the cows in this town had no manners.

Tammy gasped as she finished the drink, whipping some dribble from her chin. It took a moment for her glossy eyes to register the man standing in front of her. "Billy! I'm so glad your here." She said leaning into him. The move smoothed out some of the annoyance he felt for the girl. Finally, now we're getting some where, he thought. "You haven't had anything to drink, right? I have a huge favor to ask."

Before the girl could finish, another sweaty body pressed against Billy's side. "Hey look everybody, it's Hardgove." A voice shouted and the room erupted with a responding "HARDGOVE".

Steve Harrington wasn't drunk, he was shitfaced. Like Tammy, sweat smeared across his forehead with loose strand of hair plastered to it. However, rather than glazed, his eyes seemed to twinkle with a delightful far off look. His bony hip pressed into Billy's side and his mint green polo rode up when took a swing from the bourbon bottle he held. It was a whole body move, and Billy threw an arm out to catch the other man, though really he should have just let him drop to the floor.

Tommy and Carol appeared next, both in a state of drunken euphoria. Tommy slug an arm over Billy's leather clad shoulders. "Hate to break it to you, man, but Stevie here just broke your keg stand recorded." He finished with a belch. Billy shot him a disgusted look and shoved him off. Tammy was still plaster to his front and his other arm was still wrapped around Steve's waist, seemingly too drunk to hold himself up.

Steve twisted into him. "Yup, only took me three," the brunette pause to make sure he was holding up the right amount of fingers, "try to get it." His smilingly face was smug and way too close to Billy's.

"Is that so, Harrington. And the bourbon?" The blonde nodded towards liquor.

Steve studied the bottle thoughtfully for a moment before thrusting it into the air. "It's to CELEBRATE!" He shouted again, drawing excited and intoxicated whoops throughout the room. This time when Steve swayed and lost his balance, Billy reached out to grab the bottle of booze and let the other man fall to the floor.

He landed in a heap on his ass, but threw his head back in a howling laugh. The people around them joined in, some even pointing and snickering. Carol laughed hysterically, she too tumbled to the ground. She and the other fallen teen looked at each quietly for a beat before bursting into another giggling fit. It looked like King Steve was back. He and his former friend rolling on the floor together as if all the bad blood had washed away.

Tommy didn't seem to feel the same way, though. "Damn drunk idiots." He muttered under his breath. He shoved Steve away with a scowl while pulling Carol back to her feet. Hoisting her up over his shoulder, Tommy carried her deeper into the house, presumable to a bedroom to sleep off her drunken stupor.

"Hey, what about me?" Steve threw his arms limply into the air and grinned up at Billy. "Hardgove, help me up." He demanded.

The blonde snorted, debating leaving the other man where he lay. "Say my name right and I'll consider it, pretty boy."

Steve fixed him a devastatingly look. His puppy dog eyes sparkling and his lips pursed into a tiny pout. Cock sucking lips, the thought slipped into Billy's head before he could stop it.

"William, can you help me up? Pretty please?" No one called him that, except his dad when he was really pissed off or teaching him a lesson about 'respect and responsibility'. And even then, it didn't have the same affect as when Steve said it. Something coiled in his gut. It wasn't like the fear he'd feel when his dad said his given name, red faced and tight lipped. No, when Steve said it, a tightness formed in his whole body. A tightness that desperately need to snap and release. Steve seemed to sense this too because the coy pout on his

face shifted into a smug smirk.

Tommy was right, damn drunk idiot. Billy's head was spinning and he wasn't even drunk yet. Suddenly remembering the bottle in his hand, he brought it up to his lips. However, fingers clasped around the neck, pulling it back. A forgotten Tammy pried the alcohol away. "Can you drive him home?"

"What?" Billy looked between her and the drunk teen on the floor, arms still raised waiting to be picked up.

"I tried laying him down in one of the bedrooms, but he wouldn't go." Tammy continued.

They both shot a look down at Steve who scoffed. "No way, do you know what these assholes would do to me?" As if on cue, several teens shouted back suggestions. Some innocent enough such as a hand in warm water or permanent mark facials. Other's more lewd and vile. Who knew, small town America could be so depraved?

Tammy leaned into him once more, trying her best to offer her own pleading pout. It didn't hold the same effect as Harrington's though. "Please, Billy. I'll make it up to when you get back." She pressed her breast against chest for emphasis. Billy could see Steve watching him from the floor, eyes narrowed with a knowing smirk on his face.

"Fine." The blonde sighed gruffly. "Let's go, Harrington." Reaching down, Billy yanked Steve up. The other boy stumbled a bit before resting against his side. Much to Billy's annoyance, Steve struggled to walk straight, so he wrapped an arm around the slightly taller man's

waist and guiding he toward's the front door.

The brunette twist in Billy's grasp, leaving Billy to practically carry him through the crowd of sweaty teens. "Goodbye everyone." He called out, waving an arm above his head. Some people shouted back their goodbyes but most just laughed at the drunk fool.

"Say goodbye, Hardgove." Before Billy could even sneer at the bad nickname (which he would make sure wouldn't stick, even if he had to beat the shit out of every student at Hawkins High), the whole party shouted back, "GOODBYE HARDGOVE!" Laughter spilled out of the house as the pair exited the party.

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Steve refused to sit in the passenger seat. He sprawled along the back while shouting "Home, William." Rather than easing back onto the road, Billy threw the Camaro into gear and floored the accelerator, sending the other teen toppling onto the wheel well. The blonde couldn't help but snicker as starve cursed from behind him.

"Jesus, William. You drive like a fucking psycho." Steve used the front seat to pull himself back up, massaging his temple where his head struck the car floor. He looked a bit green so Billy slowed down marginally.

"You puke and you're dead, Harrington. And stop call me that." Billy snapped.

“What, William? That’s your name isn’t it?” Steve cocked his head to the side, looking even more like a confused puppy.

Billy cleared his throat, suddenly very aware of the proximity of the other man. “Yeah, but only special people get to call me that.” Billy didn’t know why he lied. No one got to call him that. If Billy had it his way, not even his dad would get to call him that. But the way Steve was breathing against his neck, the way the brunette’s arms snaked around his shoulders and draped over him made his head go foggy.

Steve leaned in Billy’s neck. His breath was hot and smelled like booze. “Aren’t I special, William?” He whispered against the shell of Billy’s ear.

The shutter he felt was from the cold night air, Billy told himself. Not the feeling of Steve pressed against him. And the tightness in the front of his jeans was from Tammy’s promise, of course. Tammy with her lean narrow hips, soft fluffy brown hair, pale freckled skin, and cock sucker lips. No, wait. That was Steve. What did Tammy look like again?

Steve’s snicker cut through the blonde’s thoughts. His fingertips grazed Billy’s belt buckle. “Or should I keep calling you Hardgove?”

Steve pressed his face against Billy’s. The later strained to focus on the road as he felt Steve’s lips move against his skin as he spoke. His hands dropping to the crotch of Billy’s jeans. “Are you getting hard, HARDgove?”

He couldn't help the way his hips hitched forward as the brunette palmed him. Billy bit his lip, suppressing any traitorous sound that might escape. It only made Steve work harder, thin fingers squeezing his dick through his jeans.

It wasn't completely new to Billy. He had been to a sleep over or two where a few young, horny boys jerk off in front of each other just for the thrill of seeing another boy's hard cock. But no one had ever been bold enough to actually touch him. And god, Steve's touch felt good. Too bad he probably wouldn't remember it in the morning. "Shit, Harrington, you're drunk." He tried not to groan, but his throat forgot how to work.

Steve's hand picked up the pace, jacking the other teen off through the stiff material. He huffed at Billy's skin, licking his earlobe. "I know, someone could easily take advantage of me. Good thing you're here, huh William?" Steve purred into his ear.

Billy threw the car into park with a growl. He climbed out of the vehicle, yanking Steve out behind him. The seduction left his voice as Steve yelped and squirmed in the younger man's grasp. His feet barely touch the ground as Billy dragged him away from the car.

Steve was about to yell and fight back when the pair stopped. They were standing at his front door. "Oh." He never gave Billy directions, how did he know where he lived?

The Billy grabbed him again, this time around his hips, reaching into his jean pockets. Steve moaned, throwing his arms around Billy's shoulders. Swiftly he dunked his head, capturing the other man's lips. Billy stilled, Steve lips were soft. Soft and sweet and working against his in a sloppy, hungry way.

He clinched his fist before moving on, hands dipping in the Steve's back pockets. Steve took it as encouragement. Hips rocketed forward, Billy could feel how hard he was. Billy bit back the groan at the back of his throat. He tried to pull away, but the brunette held tight, sucking bruises along Billy's neck. It took more effort than he thought it would to escape Steve's grasp.

Using the keys he found in Steve's back pocket, Billy opened the front door and shoved the brunette in. "Wha-Wait." Steve's breath was raspy and his lips slick with spit. "You're not staying?" Billy's was already turning away, walking back towards the Camaro.

Steve already looked wrecked. The enticing pink flush of his cheeks crept down towards the collar of his polo. His eyes had lost that drunken puppy dog twinkle and were instead glazed with lust, pupils full dilated. His obvious arousal strained the front of his jeans.

"Can't amigo, promised some bird I'd meet her tonight." Though honestly Billy would rather stay with Steve. Tammy was nice and all, but Steve was a god damn wet dream standing in front of him. It took whatever willpower he had to walk away from the other teen. To not turn around, shove Steve against the wall and have his way with him. But despite popular belief, Billy wasn't that kind of asshole.

Steve, however, didn't understand what Billy was doing. "I'll suck your dick." He took an eager step forward.

"Harrington,"

“I’ll let you fuck me.” The damn drunk, horny...beautiful idiot.

Billy sighed. “Steve, you’re drunk.”

Steve pressed against him, one last ditch effort to get the other man to stay. “So? I’ll be, be so good for you. Better than Tammy What’s-her-face.” His words a sleepy slur.

Billy couldn’t help but chuckle. “I bet you would be, sweetheart.” He paused to tuck a chestnut lock behind the taller teens ear. Steve leaned into the touch. His eyes slide shut and those pretty lips parted. Billy tried not to fill the space between them, his own lips only a breath away.

“I’m make you a deal, pretty boy. When you’re sober, if the offer still stands,” Billy paused to press his lips to Steve’s ears and whisper. “I’ll let you call me William while I fuck you.” Steve shuttered at the words but let Billy pull away.

It took more effort than Billy would like to admit to walk straight to his car. To not turn around and see what he was leaving behind, possible the biggest mistake and missed opportunity of his life. Only when he reached the Camaro, posed to slide behind the wheel did he chance a glance back at Steve. He stood in the doorway, watching the blonde go. “Sweet dreams, Harrington.” He called back.

“Night, Hardgove.” With that the front door closed with a snap.

Billy sat outside The Harrington's residence a few more minutes, smoking a cigarette while deep in thought. When he finished, he tossed the butt out the window and put the car into drive. The party at Tammy's house was probably still going, but Billy drove home instead. He need to get some sleep. Tomorrow would be a very interesting day

2. The Halls of Hawkins High

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy could kick himself for not taking Steve up on his offer. Billy probably would have gotten over it already, if Steve would just have acted normal at school. That is, ignore him as per usual rather than shooting him confused glares. Stupid fucking Harrington with his stupid good hands and stupid pretty face.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you everyone for the comments and encouragement! You all made my heart soar with your kind words.

So, I was just going to add a 2nd chapter and just through hot Harringrove sex at your beautiful faces. But than I thought, meh! How about some substance as well? But don't worry my darlings, the smut will come next chapter and I'll try to make it extra smutty for you.

I edited, but please excuse any errors.

Please let me know what you think so far. I appreciate the comments.

There was pounding. First in his head then from somewhere in the house. Steve groaned. Bad idea. His head throbbed even more and his whole body ached. Never again, he thought vaguely remembering the alcohol from the night before.

The pounding was merciless. He stood on swaying legs, forcing himself out of bed and towards the bathroom. Taking two ibuprofen, Steve stuck head under the bathroom faucet, drinking directly from

the stream. The cold water and pills just barely taking the edge off his headache.

The pounding continued. Then the ringing started. Ringing? It took Steve longer than he'd like to admit to realize it was the doorbell. Someone was pounding at the front door and smashing in the buzzer and the same time.

Steve's stomach lurched as he bound down the stairs. "Damn it, alright. I'm coming." He tried to shout but the words were strained in his throat. A fist pounded on the door violently before Steve finally ripped it open. "Jesus, what?"

Billy Hargrove smirked around the cigarette hanging from his lips. It was a wonder how he even lit it, what with both hands holding styrofoam cups. The intoxicating smell of coffee waffled on the breeze, causing the brunette's stomach to momentarily heave. "Morning, sunshine." Billy practically shouted and gave a hearty laugh when Steve winced at the sound.

"What, uh, what are you doing here, Hargrove?" Steve squinted in the morning light. He clung to the front door as if it was the only thing keeping him upright. Steve watched the younger teen who studied him right back. Silence passed between them just like the chill Spring wind.

"Can I come in?" Billy finally asked.

Steve wanted to say no. Wanted to say fuck no. What the hell was Hargrove even doing here? They weren't friends, barely more than

acquaintances. The guy beat the shit out of him for Christ sakes. Why the hell would Steve want to hang around him, especially at his own house. His sanctuary from all the bullshit Hawkins had to offer. For that matter, how the hell did Hargrove know where he lived? There's no way Steve would have given the other man his address.

His apprehension and displeasure was evident on Steve's face. Billy's smile dropped yet tried hide it with a sneer, shaking his head while looking at the ground. Was there a hint of disappointment on his face? Steve was too focus on the migraine splitting his head open to really be sure. "Whatever, Harrington. Just thought you'd like some coffee after last night."

Steve was already posing to gingerly slam the front door but paused. Last night? At the party? He didn't even remember seeing the other man there. In fact, he didn't remember anything after his second keg stand. Shit, he groaned internally. What did he do now?

Billy didn't give Steve a chance to question the comment. Instead he shoved the coffee into brunette's hand. "See you at school, pretty boy."

As he opened the Camaro door, Billy shouted back, "don't worry, I didn't spit in it." Indicating to the styrofoam cup. With that Hargrove drove away, engine and head banger music echoing in his wake.

Steve took a tentative sniff at the cup, though really how would that confirm or deny Hargrove's claim. Sampling the drink, he groaned gracious as the warm liquid slipped down his throat and retreated back to his bed.

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On Monday a strange tension buzzed through the high school's atmosphere. A junior boy called Billy "Hardgove" in the parking lot before classes started. It took one well placed punch to knock the kid down along with anyone else's thoughts off calling Billy the nickname with it.

Billy had lost his chances of nailing Tammy. The curvaceous girl wouldn't even look at him. Whenever she passed him in the halls, she would stick her nose up in the air with a "humph" and stomp right passed him. Billy should have been more pissed at the slight, but really he didn't care. After all, his motto was: "there plenty of bitches in the sea". It wouldn't be long before the next chick came swimming along.

What did annoy Billy was Harrington's behavior. The dumbass really didn't remember anything from last Friday's party. It wasn't fair, a childish voice complained in the back of the blonde's head. How dare Steve dangle a piece of prime, grade A meat in front of him and then not deliver.

Billy could kick himself for not taking Steve up on his offer to fuck him that night, even if it would be extremely fucked up of him. He could have at least got a hand job from the drunk bastard. Rather than jacking himself off when he got back home. The worst part was that Billy had gotten himself off several times that weekend with the image of Steve.

Steve on his knees, give Billy a sloppy blow job, spit and cum dripping down his chin. Steve on his stomach, tight little ass in the air begging to be pounded until it was leaking Billy's cum. Steve

sitting on Billy's dick reverse cowgirl, giving the blonde a perfect view of his cock sliding in and out of the other man as he rode him. In that fantasy, Billy would reach up and grab a handful of chestnut locks. He'd yank it back, making Steve gasp and moan like a wanton whore. "*William!*" The brunette would whine until Billy filled him.

Stupid fucking Steve Harrington with his stupid good hands and stupid pretty face. Billy probably would have gotten over it already, if Steve would just have acted normal at school. That is, ignore him as per usual. Several times Billy caught the brunette giving him a confused glare. Whenever the two did make eye contact, Billy would flash a taunting smirk as Harrington flushed beet red at being caught starring before shuffling away.

Fuck him, Billy decided. Even if he couldn't literally; metaphorically, fuck Steve Harrington. Besides, there were still plenty of decent bitches in this cesspool. Harrington was just one of them.

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On Wednesday the electricity through the school seemed to have dulled. People still talked about the previous week's party. But at least they were all wise enough not to bring up that ridiculous nickname. That is, not to Billy's face. Besides, he wasn't the subject of their mockery. Much to the misfortune of a certain brunette.

Billy was shoving books into his locker when a sound behind him caused him to pause. Harrington stood ridge, staring down at his feet. His chestnut hair swayed in front of his eyes and Billy could see the uneasy look on his face when the other man straightened to shove

the hair back. "So, are you going to tell me what I did?" He asked after a beat.

Billy snapped the locker shut and turned to lean against it. He crossed his arms over his chest and his ankles one over the other. The end of a ballpoint pen wedged between his teeth. He rather it be a cigarette, but one too many threatening warnings from the vice principal about smoking in the building even made him reconsider.

Instead the blonde chewed the end of the pen with calculated aloofness. "Gotta be more specific, amigo."

Steve shift on his feet. He glance over shoulder while rubbing the back of his neck anxiously. "C'mon man, I know something happened. Last Friday? At that stupid, fucking party? It's all everyone can talk about and yet no one seems to want to tell me what happened. What...what I did."

Steve paused, still not meeting the younger teens eye. Billy could get used to it, Steve acting all abashed. Head dipped like a puppy being scolded. A cute, dumb puppy; Billy could almost see the flattened ears and tail tucked between his legs.

Billy decide to throw the guy a bone. "Well," He drawled feigning boredom by studying the fingernails of one hand. "You did beat my keg stand record. So really a congratulations is in order." Steve winced and Billy smirked at his discomfort. Harrington had at least heard about that. Even though he was the current reigning record holder, people still referred to Billy as the Keg King. Somehow, the brunette had earned the lesser title of "Stevie the Keg Queen". Billy had assumed it was due to his drunken flirtatious behavior at the party. That, and petty Tommy, who no doubt came up with the

nickname.

A awkward pause waded between them. A girl rummage through the locker next to them and Steve waited for her to leave before continuing. "And Tammy Wilson?"

Billy's eyes snapped up at that. "What about her?" He responded with caution. Tammy still hadn't came around. She still wasn't talking to Billy. But instead of brushing pass him in the hall, she eyed him wearily. The girl was interested, that much was certain. Yet pride made her keep her distance.

Steve's cheeks tinted pink. Shifted forward he leaned against the locker next to the blonde, resting on his side towards the other teen. His voice dropped as he whispered, "she's been telling everyone I'm a cock block."

Billy snorted. Really? That was it? "It's not funny, alright?" Steve huffed next to him. "She's making it sound like I did something."

"Like what?" The younger teen couldn't help but snicker. The sound swiftly stopped however when he looked back up at the man to his right. Steve's face had gone from a light pink to a beet red in a matter of seconds.

"Like I, I came on to you. I didn't though, right?" His voice was hushed. But when Billy just stared back at him, it came out in a hysterical wave.

“Shit! I’m so sorry, man. I didn’t, I mean I’m not...It’s not what you think. No one can know that I...wait,” Steve was nearly hyperventilating when he caught himself. “Why haven’t you tell anyone? I mean, Tammy didn’t give details, she just said I was a drunk idiot who got in the way of her getting laid. And no one else has said anything. Why didn’t you out me to the rest of the school? I would have thought you’d have a field day with it. That I’m...” the word never left Steve’s lips but it still lingered between the two men.

Because I still want to fuck you. Billy quickly pushed that thought away as another popped into his head. A wicked thought. “I think you should be asking why haven’t I told anyone *yet*?” With that Billy pushed off the lockers and away from the horror struck Harrington.

“What the hell does that mean?” The brunette hissed behind him as he strutted away.

“It means you better be on your best behavior, Stevie. Oh, and don’t forget, we had a deal. I hope you don’t renege on it, that’s be bad form, your majesty.” Billy shouted over his shoulder.

Whatever Steve said next was blanketed with chants of “Queen Stevie” from rest of the students in the hallway. Billy chanced a glance back as he rounded the corner. The frustration on Steve was more than amusing. The other man eventually stomped away in the other direction.

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Billy always liked Fridays. It meant the week of mind-numbing classes and dealing with the dipshits of Hawkins was done. It meant

he could sneak away for the oppression within Neil's house under the facade guise of "staying at a friends", even if some weekends that meant just sleeping in his car. Most importantly, it meant a party; booze and a chick to fuck.

Tammy started giving him that hungry look again Thursday afternoon, and now even bite her eagerly lip when they passed in the hallway. Claire Duncan had also been less than subtle with her flirtation. Blowing him kisses and giggling obnoxiously at every thing he said. Billy could easily hook up with either of the girls that weekend. Of course, there was also...

"Harrington," Steve was behind Billy the instant he pushed through the school doors towards the parking lot. Despite being slightly taller, the brunette had to jog to keep up, huffing with annoyance. "If you keep following me like this, people will think you have a crush on me or something."

"I wouldn't have to follow you around if you just told me what that damn deal was." Steve grumbled.

"I told you, sweetheart, no can do. And the longer you take, the more people I tell about you wanting to suck my cock." Billy shot a smirk over his shoulder while placing a cigarette between his lips.

Steve stutter stepped, tripping over his own feet. "Did...did I?" Steve whispered, checking over his shoulder to make sure no one was listening to their conversation. They had reached the Camaro by then; Billy propped against the side and shrugged with that shit-eating grin of his. Maybe, he implied but still wouldn't give a definitive answer.

“God, you’re infuriating.” The older teen groaned. Billy lit the cigarette then passed it to Steve. It was also a new development; Steve still kept a fair distance and his shoulders hunched when Billy reached towards him. Yet he timidly took the cigarette. Pulling in a lungful, Steve paused before exhaling and handing the cigarette back. A thrill passed through the blonde when he pressed the slightly damp butt to his lips.

Steve sighed. “Look, man, just tell me what the deal was, okay? I am more than happy to do whatever it takes to keep you silent. So, c’mon, lay it on me.”

Interesting choice of words, Billy mused. That wasn’t what he said though. While leading Steve around by the nose had been fun these past few days, Billy was growing bored of it. It was time to finally collect his debt. And if Steve changed his mind, and redacted his previous promise (I’ll let you fuck me), then it’s his funeral. Billy wasn’t a saint, what difference would it make to him if the other man’s reputation was completely destroyed? Not like he had much of one left anyways. No, Steve Harrington was nothing to him. Just another toy to play with until he lost interest. And Billy nearly had himself convinced of this. As long as he didn’t stare too long in those big puppy dog eyes that is.

Billy pushed off the car and ambled closer to Steve, who shrunk back, eyeing him suspiciously. “I’ll tell you what, pretty boy, I’ll do you one better. Meet me at the quarry tonight, 8 o’clock. Pay off your debt and I’ll let you off the hook.”

“You’ll keep your mouth shut about...” Steve’s voice trailed off as Max and Dustin approached them.

The girl glared between them while the curled haired boy lisped, "What the hell are you too talking about?"

Billy was already sliding behind the steering wheel of the Camaro. Winking at Steve before disappearing complete. A deep red blush crept up the brunette's neck and cheeks. "Get in the damn car, Maxine." Billy hollered and peeled out of the lot, engine roaring and Scorpions blaring.

"Seriously, what was that about? And what's wrong with your face?"

"Shut up, Henderson." Was all Steve grumbled.

It was 8:23 when Billy pulled into the quarry. The Bimmer was parked along the trees, almost hidden in the dark. Billy took his time parking. Checking the review mirror one last time to make sure his curls were perfectly placed but in a "I don't really give fuck" way, of course. Lighting a cigarette, the blonde stepped from the Camaro and sauntered up to the other vehicle.

The car was dark and cold when Billy reached it. Peering inside, Billy found it vacant except for a nearly empty Jack Daniel's bottle in the passenger seat. *Shit.*

Billy turned to search the enveloping gloom around the quarry. "Harrington?" Silence. "Steve!" Billy hated the panic that set in as he jogged back to his car, eyes still scanning the trees. Of course the drunk dumbass would get lost out in the middle of nowhere. Billy

vaguely remember there being a lake nearby. Does Harrington know how to swim? Not that it would matter if he was drunk. “Stupid, fucking drunk Harrington.” He muttered under his breath. Popping the trunk, Billy riffled around looking for the emergency kit Susan insisted he keep in the Camaro. Hopefully the batteries in the flashlight were still good.

The sound of crunching gravel made Billy’s heart stop. Something was running towards him. He spun around just as solid mass slammed into his chest, pinning him against the Camaro’s side. Billy felt a scream gather in his throat and clenched his fists ready to fight when a delighted squeal stopped him. “William!”

3. Quarry Date

Summary for the Chapter:

“Damnit, Steve. Why’d you have to drink so much?”

Billy was hoping for some action, but this wasn’t what he had in mind. The guy was stupid drunk. Every word slurred as Steve tried to muscle past the blonde’s defenses. “‘Cause I had to ‘member our deal.”

“And did you?” Billy’s voice was hoarse.

Steve nodded. That wanton twinkle was back in his eyes. His breath ghosted over Billy’s lips as he lean forward, the other man just barely able to hold him back. “Are you going to fuck me now, William?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Here you go, my lovelys, smut!

Thank you everyone for reading and all the kind comments. I’m going to add a prelude-something fluffy, slightly angsty, and hopefully smutty-which I’ll try to get out soon as possible. But I’m sick. My partner’s sick. And my son is a toddler AKA pyscho with no regard for anyone else feelings...or toes. Kind of like Billy!

Please tell me what you think. Constructive criticism is also welcomed. I appreciate you all!

Drunk Steve was his favorite Steve. Because drunk Steve was also silly, flirty Steve. The kind of guy who dropped his guard, thought every joke was hilarious, and wanted to be everyone’s best friend. The kind of Steve that pushed Billy down on the gravel ground of the quarry and straddled him. God, Billy could really get used to this Steve.

He could get used to the way the brunette curled into his lap, pressing whisky flavored lips to his. The feeling of the other man's thin cold finger brushing against his skin, pushing his already open shirt further away from his chest. And Billy could really get used to Steve grinding down on him, rubbing his ass on Billy's already aching arousal. Yep, drunk Steve really was the best.

The taller teen squirmed further into Billy's space drawing a groan from him. A satisfied response crept from the back of Steve's throat. "Hmmm, so hard. No wonder they call you 'Hardgove'." He rocked his hips against Billy's for emphasis.

"No one calls me that but you, pretty boy." While Billy was enjoying the tease, reason told him to slow down. The dumbass was still very drunk, which left Billy with a moral conflict. Why couldn't he just leave the guy alone?

"Well, they would if they knew how big you get. Or is it only for me? Huh, William?" Billy moaned as the other man's slim fingers dipped into his jeans. The featherlike touch over his cock made Billy shutter. Steve's thumb swept over the slit, smearing the precum that gathered there.

"And oh so wet." Steve hummed. He popped the digit into his mouth, licking it clean. A growl erupted from Billy as their mouths crashed together. The kiss was sloppy, all teeth and tongue, and tasted bitter-sweet; whiskey, cum, and cigarette. A taste that would always be Billy and Steve's. A taste that would only be theirs, and Billy craved more of it.

Gasping for breath, the younger teen pulled away first. “Damnit, Steve. Why’d you have to drink so much?” Holding Steve at arms length away was more difficult than Billy would have though. The guy had drunk strength. Yet he need to, need some space to clear his lust fogged mind before he really took advantage of the drunk idiot.

Billy was hoping for some action, but this wasn’t what he had in mind. The guy was stupid drunk. Every word slurred as Steve tried to muscle past the blonde’s defenses. “‘Cause I had to ‘member our deal.”

“And did you?” Billy’s voice was hoarse.

Steve nodded. That wanton twinkle was back in his eyes. His breath ghosted over Billy’s lips as he lean forward, the other man just barely able to hold him back. “Are you going to fuck me now, William?” Steve shifted again, rubbing their erections together.

Billy wanted it. Wanted it so bad he could taste it. It tasted metallic; Billy had bitten through his bottom lip trying to control himself. “You really want it? Want me to fuck that pretty little ass or yours, sweetheart?” Billy tested.

“Yes.”

“Want to ride my cock so hard you scream like a whore. Scream so loud your neighbors will know my name?”

“Yes, William, please!” Steve groaned. He pushed further in Billy’s lap, seeking friction.

Thick fingers grasped him tightly around his waist, trying to still the brunette. “Than be a good boy and get into the car.”

“Huh?” The man looked at Billy with those confused puppy eyes.

“We’re not fucking here. We’re going to your house. Now move.” Steve quickly sprang up, moving faster than Billy ever saw him move, even on the basketball court.

It was like deja vu. Billy sped through the dark streets of Hawkins. Steve sat in the backseat, arms looped lazily around the blonde’s shoulders, humming a drunk lullaby to himself.

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Am I dead? Must be. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Steve was convinced he had died. There was no way he was sleeping so comfortable, without any nightmares of dark tunnels or petal faced monsters. Like someone was carrying him. Rocking back and forth in a lazy rhythm. Only babies sleep this good, and the dead. Therefore, he must have died. Which sucked; he wonder how it happened. Maybe it was demodog, did it get Billy too? No, Billy never made it to the quarry. Too bad; Steve really want to suck his...

Steve woke with a start, suddenly at the bottom of his pool. Water

seeped into his nose and lungs as he sputtered for air. Breaking the surface he gasped, coughing up water. He spun around trying to find his bearings when he noticed the blonde man standing on the pool's edge.

"What the fuck? You could have killed me, you fucking psycho!" He shouted.

"What's my name?"

"What? Hargrove, what's your fucking problem?" Steve said, wadding the side to haul himself over the side.

Billy offered him a hand which the brunette slapped away. "Good, your sober. Let's go." He stroud to the patio door, but it was Steve who opened it with a hide-a-key.

"Go where?" The dripping teen asked. Rather than getting the kitchen and rest of the house wet, he began stripping the drenched clothes from his body.

"To your room. We're going to fuck." Billy said in a matter-of-fact tone. Steve froze, half way through pulling his jeans down which were suctioned to his legs. Looking up through his dripping hair, he saw how serious Billy was.

"Look, Harrington." He continued. "You literally jumped me an hour ago, begging for my cock. Now I'm all for a good time, sweetheart,

and the tease game has been cute, really it has. But I'm not the type to chase a bitch. So we're either fucking or I'm out, end of story, comprende?"

Steve stood and nodded. Billy could practically see the wheels turning in that pretty, doppy head of his. "So, what's it going to be: bedroom or door?"

"Bedroom." Steve squeaked. The honesty was surprising. With all the back and forth the two had been through, he assumed the other teen would have put up more of a fight. That despite what he said, Billy would have to chase Steve some more, maybe even try wooing the brunette (something he's never had to put much effort into with other conquests) before he'd finally get them into bed.

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Steve led them up the stairs, cold fingers pressing into Billy's sweaty hand. He stripped the rest of his chlorine soaked clothes while Billy stepped out of his dry clothes (no point being shy now, right?). Billy towel dried the taller teens hair than pulled him to the bed and under the covers. Steve was shaking, maybe from the cold, but probably from nerves.

They laid on their sides facing one another. Fingers traced skin and muscle, learning every plane and angle of each other's body. Legs tangled together, Steve's foot rubbing along Billy's calf. "Have you ever slept with a boy before?" The house was empty except them, but Billy still whispered.

“No. Have you?” Steve’s touch was feather soft as his fingers followed the lines of the blonde’s abs. They contracted and flexed from the tickling caress.

Billy thumbed Steve’s nipples until they were pebble hard. They looked enticing enough to taste. Instead he said “maybe,” with a sleazy grin.

A small smile quirked onto Steve’s lips. “Liar.” Seeing right through Billy’s bravado. The smile faded into a serious look, but the stars in the brunette’s puppy dog eyes still shone. “I’m glad it’s you. My first.”

Me too. He couldn’t say it. Should, but couldn’t. It was the truth; Billy had never felt like this before. Never wanted someone so desperately. Not just sex either. He wanted Steve. Yet admitting that seemed like the hardest thing to do.

So instead he shoved Steve until he lay on his stomach. Pulling his hips until he was on his knees, ass in the air, face and chest pressed into the mattress. “Do you got lube?” Steve pointed a shaky finger towards the nightstand. Rummaging around until he found the small bottle, Billy settled between the other man’s legs, gentle pushing them apart.

Billy pulled the brunette’s cheeks apart, looking at the pink hole fluttering with anticipation. Impulse took over and Billy leaned forward to kiss the wrinkled skin. Steve’s gasp was enough encouragement to make the blonde do it again and again until he was eating the other man out. Steve tried to squirm away but Billy held him firmly, pulling him back onto his tongue.

The gasps and whimpers escaping Steve's lips were better than any girl he had had his mouth on. Needy, hungry sounds spurred the blonde on. "More. God, please more."

"So needy." Billy teased, nipping at the meat of the other man's ass. "I got you, baby." Grabbing the lube, Billy warmed some on his fingers. Slowly he pressed his middle finger past the ring of muscle.

A low moan erupted from Steve. Arching his back, he pushed back on the digit. It was more than even Billy's wildest fantasy. The sight of Steve: eyes scrunched shut, mouth agape in a whine, fucking himself back on Billy's thick finger. The feeling of Steve: wet, warm, and inviting. Clamping down on him. Billy had never been so hard in his young, sex driven life. He ached, wanted to touch himself but hands too preoccupied with the man in front of him.

Withdrawing, Billy rolled Steve onto his side and shimmed to lay next to him in the opposite direction; head still between the brunette's legs while bringing his crotch to his face. "Suck me off, baby."

Steve nodded, licking Billy's length with enthusiasm. Eagerly, he suckled at the head making the blonde's thighs quiver. He groaned, rolling onto his back, pulling Steve on top of him. It was something right out of the cheesy porno he watched when he was 14. But instead of a busty blonde, it was Steve's lithe body draped over his, head bobbing up and down on his cock. Legs on either side of his head, pink hole in his face begging to be filled. Billy complied, shoving two fingers into Steve without warning. The brunette moaned, vibration making Billy buck up into his mouth.

Billy wished he could stay like that forever. Buried in Steve's mouth

while the man's trembling legs tighten around his own head. He could fight it; fight how good Steve felt, how much he want this. Want Steve. But for once Billy didn't want to fight. He want to give into it. Give into Steve. His body hummed with it, the desire to give everything to the other man. He wouldn't last much longer. "Fuck, I need to be in you, Steve."

The brunette pulled off him with a pop. "Yeah."

Scrambling with shaky arms and legs, he straddled the younger teen. There was an uncertain look on his face before he finally said, "I'm clean."

Billy understood. "Me too." Steve nodded. Forgoing a condom, he grabbed and gingerly sank down on the slick cock. Billy helped hold his lover up until he could work all the way down onto his lap. "Ff-uck." The blonde breathed. "So fucking tight. So damn good." He rolled his hips and Steve moaned.

"Yeah, so good, Bill-"

"No, say my name." Billy gripped his thighs tight, leaving bruises.

Confused crossed Steve's face followed by a pink blush. "Wil-William."

"Yeah, baby. Say it again." He said, thrusting up harder.

Steve gasped. "Oh, William. So good. More, more Will-ah!" He

screamed as Billy flipped them, throwing the brunette on his back and pounding into him mercilessly. The sound of skin slapping together, breathy pants. The smell of sex filling the room. They were both already so far gone, the edge threateningly close.

“Gonna wreck you. Fucking own that ass. All mine.” Billy growls possessively. He bite down on any available skin he could, Steve’s pale chest. Tasting blood when he pulled back, Billy examined the mark with the hope that it would scar. Steve shutter under him, seeking more friction. The blonde reached between them, tugging the other man’s leaking cock.

Steve whimpered. “Yes, William. All yours, baby, only yours. ” Billy’s thrust sped up impossibly faster, handing trying to keep pace.

Sweat rolled down his forehead, his whole body tense. White flashed before his eyes as he came with a grunt. Steve followed soon after, spilling over his hand and smearing onto their stomachs. *William* like a prayer on his lips.

Billy collapsed, head resting on Steve’s shoulder. The other man hugged him closer. Arms and legs wrapped around him to hold him in place. This went against Billy’s “no cuddling” rule, but being with Steve meant throwing his rules out the window.

The pair stayed like that for some time, until the sweat and cum between them cooled and became tacky. “Bi-,um, William?”

“Hmm?” Billy hummed, still to spent to raise his head.

“I like you.” Steve said softly.

Silence stretched between them. Billy could feel Steve’s heart beating against his chest. Could feel how the other man was holding his breath.

“I like you too.”